# SECOND PART. THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1889.

By J. MARSDEN SUTCLIFFE,

THE ROMANCE OF AN INSURANCE OFFICE. BEING PASSAGES IN THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. AUGUSTUS WILLIAM WEB-BER, Formerly General Manager of the Universal Insurance Company.

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An Old Man's Darling.

On a bright spring morning in the year following the fall of Sebastopol, Mr. Web-ber was scated in his room in the offices of

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ber was sented in his room in the offices of the Universal Insurance Company, in Cannon street, buried in deep thought. His face wore an anxious, puzzled look, as though his mind was occupied in an abortive attempt to thread a way through the complexities of a difficult question—as indeed was the case.

"There may be more in this than meets the eye," he murmured to himself, after sitting for some time in apparent abstraction from his surroundings. "It may prove a matter for our enquiry agent. I will have Doggett here, and see what he thinks about it."

"I have just heard a singular story," Mr. Webber said, when the detective appeared in answer to his summons. "A gentleman named Osborne—a medical man, I understand—who has just returned from Scutari, where he has been for many months ill in the hospital, has been making a tour of the insurance offices, as he tells me, to inquire whather insurances and many months ill in the hospital, has been making a tour of the insurance offices, as he tells me, to inquire the way out that is at stake."

Doggett lost no time in seeking an interview with Dr. Osborne at Wood's Hotel, whom he found gaunt and haggard and prematurely aged, but with traces of great physical beauty still remaining from the have which long-continued sickness had wrought. He had been twice wounded, he explained to the detective, while engaged on his mission of charity to the wounded, once smitten with cholers, and finally struck down with enteric fever, from which is mission of charity to the wounded, once smitten with cholers, and finally struck down with enteric fever, from which is mission of charity to the wounded, once smitten with cholers, and finally struck down with enteric fever, from which is mission of charity to the wounded, once smitten with cholers, and finally struck down with enteric fever, from which is deeply and the detective, while engaged on his mission of charity to the wounded, once smitten with cholers, and finally struck down with enteric fever, from which is dealy from the have of the insurance offices, as he tells me, to inquire whether insurances have been effected at any time on the life of Mr. Christopher Englefield, formerly a banker at Great Chelderton. Here is his card," handing the bit of pasteboard to Doggett.

The card was neatly engraved with the name of Mr. Webber's visitor, and, pentage of the control of the control of the control of the card was neatly engraved with the name of Mr. Webber's visitor, and pentage of the control of the card was neatly engraved with the name of Mr. Webber's visitor, and pentage of the card was neatly engraved with the name of Mr. Webber's visitor, and pentage of the card was neatly engraved with the name of Mr. Webber's visitor, and pentage of the card was neatly engraved with the name of Mr. Christopher in the card was everywhere the was evidently discomposed at first when I announced my name.

I had to do that, you understand; for this last illness has made me look so like an ourang-outang that my mother would not know me. He turned white to the very lips when I told him who I was and I was a provious at the card was neatly engraved with the lim?"

The card was neatly engraved with the name of Mr. Webber's visitor, and, pencilled in the left hand corner, was the name of the hotel he was stopping at. This is what Doggett read:

## GEORGE OSBORNE, M. D., F. R. C. S.

discovers him in full feather as a wealthy landed proprietor. Leyton, it turns out, has married the widow of Englefield, the banker. Now for the point. When Osborne called at Chelderton Manor, where Leyton is living in grand style, his whilom friend, after displaying considerable agitation, professed not to know him-in fact, avowed total ignorance of Osborne, his father and his child." "This gets very interesting," said Dog-gett, as Mr. Webber made a pause in his

marrative.
"But this is not all," replied Mr. Webber, continuing his story. "It so happened that at this moment Osborne's little girl came into the room where the two men were sitting. He recognized her at once, from her likeness to her dead mother. Even, as he says, if his memory had proved unable to retain the child's lineaments, the likeness was too unmistakable to admit of a doubt. Unhappily, the child's memory was not equally retentive, and she ran away, frightened, from a strange visitor. Leyton stoutly denied that the child was Osborne's, and finally put an end to further discussi by threatening to have him turned away

startle the game.

What was Mr. Leyton's motive for repu-

What a splendid villsin," cried Doggett, in an outhurst of admiration.
"Before Osborne left," resumed Mr. Webber, "he made mention of his will, in which he had appointed Leyton trustee and guardian to the child, but Leyton stoutly declared his entire ignorance, and affected to think Osborne mad. On inquiry at Doctor' Commons Osborne can find no trace of his will having been proved. He then paid another visit to Sonning, in Berkshire -ah! that is the name of the place, I had forgotten it-but cannot find his father's name in the burial register; nor can he obtain any information when the old man died, or when his child was removed. He died, or when his child was removed. He is, therefore, in this curious position—of wanting to claim his child, whom Leyton absolutely refuses to recognize as his and, except himself, there is no witness to her identity. And he is anxious to learn where his father is living, if alive still, and where he lies buried if he is dead. He has employed detactives without result. ployed detectives without result."
"Quite too intriente a case for Scotland

he is a to deal. The wave ployed detective without result."

"Quite too intricate a case for Sootland Yard," said Docgett, with a griss smile.

"So it seems," said Mr. Webber, "for while they though the port and universal the presence of the past of the seems," and Mr. Webber, "for while they though the port and universal the posser chan when the case was put into the presence of the past of the seems," and Mr. Green, who turned out to be an universal to the seems, and declared his errand. The posser chan when the case was put into the presence of the past of the seems, and declared his errand. The posser chan when the case was put into the presence of the past of the seems, and the posser chan when the case was put into the posser chan when the case was put into the past of the seems, and the posser chan when the case was put into the past of the seems, and the past of the seeds of the past of the seeds of the past of the seeds of the seems, and the past of the seeds of the past of the seeds of the seeds of the past of the seeds of the past of the seeds of

insufficient to explain Leyton's heartless proceedings.

The more he turned over the problem in his mind the more tangled and inexplicable it became. Osborne, who knew nothing of Leyton's history since he had parted from him four years before, except the bare fact that he had married a rich young widow and set up for a country gentlemen, could lend no assistance, and Doggett, utterly at fault to find a clue, was compelled to content them, is made to find a clue, was compelled to content them himself with hoping that their visit to "She's an adopted child of Mrs. Leyton's history in the marriage," said Doggett, pricking up his ears.

bankraptcy, but when Mr. Englefield's affairs were looked into after his death there was coough to pay everybody in fall and leave his widow a rich woman besides."

"I suppose now there were no children of the marriage," said Doggett.

"No, and there has been none by the section of the letter, he found the cottage left in a furnished state, and as there had been no further communication received from Mr.

Osborne nor from anyone else on his behalf, he had continued to let Rose Cottage ever since, furnished, as the previous tenant had letter is any one here that the himself with hoping that their visit to "She's an adopted child of Mrs. Leyton's his care."

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on the matter.

He had decided as a first step to visit Chelderton from a conviction that there, if anywhere, something in the nature of a clue might be found, since Dr. Osborne had visited Sonning without discovering anything that could shed light on his father's fate and the removal of his daughter from the home in which he had placed the old man and the little child.

"I do, most emphatically."

"Well, you have Dr. Osborne's eard with his address; perhaps you had better see him and question him further. If, after that, you still think that you should go on with the case you can do so. If we are the victims of fraud it is worth fighting about, for Mr. Englefield took out several policies with us, and it is a good big sum that is at stake."

Doggett lost no time in seeking an interhome in which he had placed the old man and the little child.

On the arrival of the two travelers at Chelderton Magna they made their way to the Gölden Lion, where also they made the acquaintance old of John Lovatt.

"Taikative old fellow that," said Doggett to his companion when they had been shown to a private sitting room. "When the bar is closed to-night I must have a chat with 'mine host,' and see what can be made of him."

Doggett, pricking up his ears. "She's an adopted child of Mrs. Ley-

"She's an adopted child of Mrs. Leytons."

"And by what name may this child be known?" asked the detective, beginning to think that the end of his quest was near at hand.

"They call her Madeline Robson. That was Mrs. Leyton's name before she became Mrs. Englefield."

"The answer was so unexpected that the detective, though usually of most imperturbable manner, was thrown off his guard.

For the moment he was fairly non-plussed, and if the sexton had been an observant man, his suspicions must have been aroused by the detective's manner.

"What a singular thing to dol" he cried, in an outburst of astonishment. Then, after a moment's corridors."

in an outburst of astonishment. Then, after a moment's consideration, during which he let the old sexton talk on unheeded, he asked again:



had been brought to consent to share his counsels with Dr. Osborne, and to make him his companion in his journeys. The detective felt that the presence of the doctor might occasionally prove embarrassing, but he could not resist the pleading of the sick man and the pitiful, yearning look in the eyes, as he implored the detective to treat him as a courade, in commiseration for his feelings as a father, and the fever which consumed him while sitting still, doing nothing. "That is a monument erected to the memory of the late Mr. Christopher Engelfield, who was a banker in this town, and who owned the Manor House, where he resided until the day of his death. He—""Erected by his sorrowing widow, I perceive," remarked Doggett, interrupting the from the inscription which commemorate the late Mr. Engelfield's virtues.

"So it says," said the sexton; "though some people do say that there is a good deal If ever Doggett saw death written on a too much marble for so little grief."

Doggett was too keenly alive to the interests of his mission to Chelderton to interrupt the old man further, and, encouraging him to proceed with his story, the sexton went on to tell of Madeline Robson's encouragement to Tom Leyton and how the religious control of the control of t man's face he thought he saw it in Osborne's, and fearing that enforced inactivity might only hasten the catastrophe, he yielded, stipulating, however, that when they went down to Chelderton next, day Dr. Osborne should submit to go there disguised, lest his presence in the little town should get wind, and, reaching Mr. Leyton's ears, startle the game. gagement to Tom Leyton and how she sub-sequently threw him over to marry Mr. Engelfield.

"Poor old gentleman, he did not live long What was Mr. Leyton's motive for repudiating his former friendship with Osborne and disputing claim to the possession of his little daughter, whom he had intrusted to his care before setting out for the East?

This was the question which occupied Doggett's mind as be journeyed to Chelderton Magna the following day in company with the doctor, who, after a troubled night's rest, looked more wan and cadaverous than before. The detective felt that nothing short of being driven by the pressure of some overmastering sense of danger, from which it was necessary to protect himself, could account for a proceeding so heartless and cruel. From Osborne's narrative of the reception he encountered at the hands of his friend, it was evident that his reappearance was as undesired as it was unexpected. Some scheme of Leyton's affecting his liberty, if not his very life, must have been put in serious jeopardy by the doctor's unthaw ereference to the past and not the present or he future. It was impossible to place any other interpretation on Leyton's emotion of her work and his pression, one aroused by the most have reference to the past and not the present or the future. It was impossible to place any other interpretation on Leyton's emotion of Leyton's emotion between the result was a with the doctor's untoked-for return, and that scheme must have reference to the past and not the present or the future. It was impossible to place any other interpretation on Leyton's emotion of the content of the content of the result of the received of the content of the received the bank parlor only down in aft. Apoplexy, the doctor's called to place any other interpretation on Leyton's emotion of the present of the future. It was impossible to place any other interpretation on Leyton's emotion of the content of the received the bank is not the present of the future. It was all not the present of the future in serious jeopardy by the doctor's untoked-for return, and that scheme must have reference to the past and not the present of the future after that!" the sexton continued. "He was called home to Chelderton while on his

hear himself talk, had completely unbosomed himself of all he knew. He added some unimportant details to the sexton's account, but of most interest to Doggett was to hear the story of Martin Bobson's financial difficulties, and how he had cemancial difficulties, and how he had cemancial difficulties, and how, in John Lovatt's own words, "Tom Leyton went on terribly and swore he'd be revenged."

Dr. Osborne rose the next morning refreshed after a sound healthy sleep. He had taken a great fancy to Doggett, and somehow the detective's presence acted upon him like a charm, soothing his mind and tranquilizing his nerves. He was now informed of the particulars which Doggett had gleaned, and declared himself ready to leave Chelderton at once and accompany the officer in his next step—to discover the movements of Mrs. Englefield at the boarding house in Clarges street, resulted in failure.

Dogget had discovered, indeed, that Mr. and Mrs. Englefield had spent the first had gleaned, and declared himself ready to leave Chelderton at once and accompany the officer in his next step—to discover the was in search of change of scene with her sick husband.

"Mr. Englefield? Was he alive still? And it so, where was he to be found?

The second and longer part of Doggett's quest was devoted to finding a solution to these questions. It was a long and difficult task and well nigh a hopeless one, for the detective had no clew to go upon. Every effort to trace the movements of Mrs. Englefield from the time that she set out from the day when she presented him as Mr. Englefield at the boarding house in Clarges street, resulted in failure.

Doggett had discovered, indeed, that Mr. and Mrs. Englefield had not left her address behind her, nor stated where she was going. She had employed two cabs off the ranks for the removal of her husband and their luggage, but to what station they had driven it ask and well nigh a hopeless one, for the detective had no clew to go upon. Every left task and well nigh a hopeless one, for the detective had

"Mind I do not say that it is all plain sailing even now," said Doggett warningly, in a tone that indicated anxiety lest his theory of the proceedings of Leyton and his wife should ralse premature hopes in Osborne's mind. "She will probably prove a difficult woman to follow up, but sooner or later I undertake to conduct you to vour father's grave and restore your child to you."

hind her, nor stated where she was going. She had employed two cabs off the ranks for the removal of her husband and their luggage, but to what station they had driven no information was to be obtained; nor, after the length of time that had elapsed, was it possible to discover who had driven her. The scent was entirely lost.

But Doggett had formed his theory of the crime at an early stage of his inquiries, do and as everything that had here." crime at an early stage of his inquiries, and as everything that had been brought to light had tended to confirm the theory on which he began to work after his interview

Reading," replied the village oracle. "He is something in the outfitting line." And with this information Doggett was com-

you know."

Osborne commenced a tour of the room, whose bare, whitewashed walls gave him an uncomfortable chill. Suddenly he paused and was observed to be closely scanning the face of one old man, who with bent head was engaged in knitting.

"Good morning," Doggett cried, and the old man looked up at the sound of the strange voice.

strange voice.
"Father!" cried Osborne, throwing his arm round the old man's neek, whilst a sob

"Father!" cried Osborne, throwing his arm round the old man's neck, whilst a sob escaped him.

The old man laughed with childish glee, but the next moment his brow became overclouded.

"Father," he repeated, "no, that name is not for me. I had children—seven of them—but the Lord took them—took them all—and then my poor wile, and then—. But I forget everything now."

"Is this not my father?" asked Osborne.
"Surely I cannot be mistaken. His face—his voice—everything is like."

The detective shook his head.

"Who then is this?" asked Osborne.
"This is Mr. Christopher Englefield," the detective said gravely.

"Christopher Englefield—yes, Christopher Englefield—that's me," the old man piped.
"Who wants me? I have not time to stop. The bank's credit must be saved! I must travel, night and day. Night and day—do you hear, Madeline? There is not a moment to lose. Madeline? There is not a moment to lose. Madeline? Where is Madeline? How slow she is coming!"

But the fiful gleams of memory vanished with this outburst, and the old man resumed his knitting, laughing and cooing to himself like a little child.

"My God! is this a dream?" asked the doctor. "It this is Mr. Englefield where

"A warrant put into the hands of the local police on my sworn information for bigamy will be the simplest. There will be no difficulty in producing Mr. Englefield, and all Chelderton will swear to him. After they are in custody it will be for our own people to say whether that will content them. The Universal wants its money back, and that they will get. A charge of conspiracy to defraud us might be difficult to establish; but with Mr. Englefield alive and plenty to swear to him we can sail straight ahead."

The next evening there was a roaring trade done at the Golden Lion, for had not the news got wind that Mr. Englefield had coms home again, and that Mr. and Mrs. Leyton news got wind that Mr. Englefield had come home again, and that Mr. and Mrs. Leyton were lodged in the town jail, and were to be brought before the magistrates the following morning? Dr. Radelifle, who came in to smoke his pipe and have his glass as usual, was mercilessly chaffed for his blunder in mistaking a stranger for Mr. Englefield; and the merriment was kept up till late.

But a scene of a more touching order was going on in a room upstairs, where the cheerful light shone on two happy faces, as George Osborne nursed his little Emily, who answered his looks of love with shy but glad trust. He felt that he had taken a new hold on life now that his daughter was restored to

with the sexton at Chelderton, he determined that he would not abandon his search until he had put his theory to a final test by long and exhaustive inquiries, and, if needs be, by employing several agents whom he could trust to act under his superintendence and easier him. A reference to dates showed that Mr. Englefield had been removed from his home for change of scene in December, 1853. Doggett accordingly determined that he would obtain a list of all the private lunatic scalum with a rear watch of the court asylums within easy reach of the south coast, arguing that Mrs. Englefield must on life now that his daughter was restored to

have taken her husband in the first place to one of the popular winter resorts on that coast, possibly selecting some place that could boast of having a private asylum The extraordinary news soon got abroad, The extraordinary news soon got abroad, and witnesses were forthcoming who absolutely confirmed the truth of Doggett's hypothesis in every point. A hotel keeper came forward and gave evidence showing that Mr. and Mrs. Englefield, who were strangers to him hitherto, had stayed in his house for some days and had then left the hotel in company with Tom Leyton; returning, it was supposed, to their destination. The cabman who drove them came forward to prove that when on his way to the station Leyton stopped the cab, and, saying that the within easy reach. From this list he selected four, and proceeded to lay siege to each in turn.

By this time the Universal had become no less interested than Dr. George Osborne himself in the inquiries Doggett was instituting, and money was freely spent in elucitating, and money was freely spent in elucidating the mystery which surrounded Leyton and his wife. By a judicious use of bribery and treating in the village alchouse, Doggett contrived to get at the keepers of these four asylums. But nothing came of his attempts, There were old paralytic men in plenty, but none known by the names of Osborne or Englefield.

Disappointed with the failure of his plan, Doggett made a second selection, and this time committed the business to the hands of agents. Matters were in this state, and the health of Dr. Osborne was breaking down more and more under the tension of hope in the most of court stenographers would never do for a specialists convention report, but what we lose in cut-ting down space we make up on the extra price allowed for doing all the work necessary to get the copy entirely ready for the midst of a crowded thoroughfare. The railway porters and the guard of the train were called to show that Leyton, accompanied by Mrs. Englefield, went down to Twyford on the evening of the same day, with what results the reader already knows.

Evidence was not found wanting to sustain the charge of conspiracy, which the directors of the Universal decided to institute, and no sympathy was felt in Chelder-Time.

agents. Matters were in this state, and the health of Dr. Osborne was breaking down more and more under the tension of hope too long deferred, when suddenly a new idea flashed across the detective's mind, as he sat by his chimney corner smoking his evening that had already occasioned him so much that had already occasioned him so much vexation and disappointment.

What Doggett's new scheme was will be seen in a moment. He lost no time in seen in a moment. He lost no time in putting his plan into execution. It occutheir crueity in denying to George Osborne his child, was a question that long occupied the minds of the gossips in the bar parior of the Golden Lion at Chelderton. Something like a sigh of relief went up from the Cheldertonians when, at the ensu-ing assizes, an exemplary sentence sent Ley-ton and the girl who had sinned with him to a long term of imprisonment.

[THE END.] Next Saturdays WAS SHE GUILTY!

## A CHARIOT FOR BABY.

Why Papa is So Very Particular in Purchasing It at the Store.

NEW MAMMAS ARE NOT SO POMPOUS

The Trials of a Clerk in Selling Baby Carriages to Parenta.

IT DISPLAYS. SOME HUMAN NATURE

An order for 5,000 tons of steel rails may be written in six lines on an office letterhead sheet, or if given orally, the transaction is

A Pittsburg iron manufacturer picks out a \$3,000 diamond without ceremony, and hands the jeweler his check without com-The Pittaburg Club swell considers it a

bore to be measured for his new full-dress suit, and submits to the operation silently and impatiently.

Even a fashionable woman selects the ma-

terial for her princely trousseau with an offhanded air of business altogether foreign to

sentiment.

But let the purchase be a baby's carriage for \$12 or \$15, and the purchaser a papa-for-the-first-time, and the importance of the transaction, the lordly manner of the buyer, his pompous request to be shown the whole stock, his disposition to point out a single scratch on the little vehicle, and the ultimate pride with which he sets aside the carriage as his—why, it becomes a business event of vastly more consequence than steel rails, diamonds, and costly apparel all put together in one package. together in one package.

NEW PAPAS ARE PARTICULAR.

"It's the most trying thing we have got to pass through in the course of a day," said the clerk of a variety store yesterday, in apeaking of the putience necessary to make a sale of a baby buggy. "I would sooner stand all day at the glove counter of a drygoods store than sell a single baby carriage. If the purchaser is a man I can tell before he has a family of children, or if he is here on behalf of his first-born. Nine cases out of ten it is the latter. Next time a new baby-buggy is needed in that family

cases out of ten it is the latter. Next time a new baby-buggy is needed in that family the wife has to come for it, the novelty of making such a purchase has by that time worn off for the father.

"Of all idiotic questions we have to answer the young father buying his first baby carriage, no other article of commerce, trade or manufacture would suggest. "Will

house in Clarges street, and thence conveyed to Chelderton, in a dying state, to personate Mr. Englefield. I had only to find Mr. Englefield in order to complete the case, and he is here as you see. That you could be taken in only shows how easy it must have been to practice the deception at Chelderton.

"How do you mean to proceed next?" asked Osborne.

"A warrant put into the hands of the local police on my sworn information for bigamy will be the simplest. There will be no diffiand just about the same size as the one be-fore the last, which my husband purchased, I am not particular about trimn

### DIFFERENCE IN STENOGRAPHERS.

Very Few Who Can Report a Speech Verbatim and Write it Out Afterward. There is a vast difference in shorthand writers, says an expert stenographer in the

St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Of the 3,000 in Chicago, where I am located, I don't suppose there are over 30 who can report a speech verbatim and write it out afterward. This statement may sound queer to the uninitiated, but it is true. And out of the very small proportion of really competent stenographers there are still very iew who can do the work of deliberative bodies composed of people of one profession, such as doctors, architects and the like. I don't claim to be anything more than a fairly competent stenographer, and yet I am al-

competent stenographer, and yet I am almost constantly on the go taking care of these special jobs.

Medical, surgical and dental conventions are especially difficult to report, owing to the technical language employed in nearly all their debates, and because of the additional difficulty of obtaining the names of the speakers as they secure the floor. Then, too, as stenographic reports are ordered by these bodies for the purpose of publication, it is necessary to eliminate all really unimportant matters in writing out the manuscript. The verbatim work of court stenographers would never do for a specialists' convention report, but what we lose in cut-

Supe (to stage manager)-Say, guv'nor, have you got a life preserver? Manager-No; what's the matter.

Supe—The Roman General fell overboard into the tank with his helmet on and he's floatin' around head down.

METAMORPHOSIS, the new novel-Luska is carried forward in the Sunday tune of THE DISPATCH. It grows in interest with each chapter. Read it.

VENICE, the Beautiful, is fully des outhoress, in To-Monnow's Disparch.

GEN. SHERMAN and his daughter Gen Bell